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Tarry Trowsers

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GIVE ME A COT

IN THE VALLEY I LOVE.

and Co., Printers 2 & 3. Monmouth Court, Seven
Dials, where upwards of 5000 different sorts of ballads
are continually on sale, together with 50 new penny, and
60 new half-penny song books.

GIVE me a cot in the valley I love
A tent in the greenwood, a home in the
grove ;

I care not how humble, for happy 'twill be,
If one faithful heart will but share it with me.
Our haunts shall be nature's own beautiful bowers,
Our gems shall be nature's own beautiful flowers,
There, wooed by the sunshine, and kissed by the
gale,

The proudest might envy our home in the vale.
O give, &c.

Lov'st thou to listen to music's sweet voice ?—
Oh come to the woods where the song-birds re-
joice :

Or would'st thou be free ?—To the forest repair
The stag in his freedom bounds merrily there.
When summer is gone, and the winter's chill hours
Have rifled the greenwood and blighted the
flowers ;

Though icebound the brook, and snow-covered
the dale,
The proudest might sigh for our home in the
vale.
Oh give me, &c



TARRY TROWERS.

AS I was a walking one May summer's morn
The weather being fine and clear ;
There I heard a tender mother,
Talking to her daughter dear.

Says she daughter I would have you marry
And live no longer a single life ;
No said she, I'd sooner tarry,
For my jolly sailor bright.

Daughter sailors are given to roving,
And to foreign parts they go ;
Then they leave you broken-hearted,
And they prove your overthrow.

O sailors they are men of honour,
And do face their enemy,
When the thundering cannon's rattle,
And the bullets they do fly

I know you would have me wed a farmer,
And not give me my heart's delight ;
Give me the lad whose tarry trowsers,
Shines to me like diamonds bright.

Polly my dear our anchor's weighing
And I'm come to take my leave ;
Tho' I leave you my dear jewel,
Charming Polly do not grieve,

Jemmy my dear let me go with you,
No foreign dangers will I fear ;
When you are in the height of battle,
I will attend on you my dear.

! how the great guns rattle,
And small guns do make a noise ;
When they were in the height of battle,
She cries fight on my jolly tars.

g maids may take warm
sailors for their delight :